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It's a Wonderful Race!

Part 2

By James Bronson

Back To Part 1



George's last hope is Central and South America.

"So George, do you still believe that the world would have been better off if evil White men had never been born?"

Thunderstruck by the light of discovery, George glanced towards the stars, engrossed in deep thought. And yet, in spite of his new found knowledge, there still remained the flickers of that skeptical stubborn pride, which accompanies the neurotic conceit of a puffed up, pseudo-education. A new thought came to him

and he burst out in a final arrogant challenge to his learned teacher.

"Aha! I've got it! Central and South America! Yes! How could I forget?! The Incas, the Mayans, the Aztecs! Since European racists like Columbus, Cortez and Pizzaro never existed, these great civilizations will still be there. By now they will surely have equalled or surpassed those of Europe. Let's go Clarence!"

"Uh, George. I don't think you want to go there my friend. You see..."

George interrupted: *"Oh no you don't! Not this time you don't Clarence! Don't even try to stop me. You know I'm right on this one."* With that, he clutched Clarence's magic coat tail and shouted: *"Peru, here we come!"*

"As you wish George."

George and Clarence flew southeast across the Pacific Ocean, finally arriving in an abandoned mud hut in the midst of what George believed to be Incan territory. Ever the whiner, George immediately began to complain about the heat and humidity.

"Clarence, this hut is hot like an oven. I'm sweating up a storm here. Get me an air-conditioner please."

"Air-conditioner?" replied the angel. *"There are no air-conditioners here. Air conditioning and refrigeration were inventions developed by an evil White man named [Willis Carrier](#), who never existed now."*

"What?! You mean to tell me that in the year 2012 that even the Incas still haven't figured out a way to keep their homes or their food cool?" a frustrated George asked.

"No George, they haven't..... And they never will."

"This is ridiculous. I can't keep living like this. Let's go to the main city to see the Emperor. He's probably hanging out at one the pyramids. Where's a car...Oh, I forgot...no cars! Dammit I'll walk. Let's go."

After walking through the jungle for about an hour or so, it began to get dark. George then asked Clarence for a flashlight so that he could see.

"Flashlight? Sorry George, but [Thomas Edison](#) was an evil White man too...and he was never born. There are some branches over there if you want to make a torch."

"Never mind that!" George shouted back.

Suddenly, George spotted some local tribesmen hunting nearby.

"Look Clarence! Incans! They can take us to the Emperor and introduce me!" shouted George as he ran to greet them.

"George! You don't want to that George.George!"

"Ola! Ola! ...Amigos!Come esta usted?" George yelled out in broken Spanish.

A frustrated Clarence put his palm to his face, then glanced up towards Heaven: *"There must be an easier way for me to earn my wings Lord."*



Jungle dwellers of Peru try to poison George.

As George neared the natives, one of them loaded his blow gun and ejected a poison dart at him.

"Ouch!" cried George, as the dart pierced his thigh.

Realizing that he was in trouble, George began to run away from the natives. They gave chase, shooting three more darts into George's back and buttocks.

"Clarence! Ow!...Clarence! Ouch! ...Clarence Ahhhh! Save me Clarence!"

Clarence grabbed hold of the dying young man, detoxicating him instantly with his magic touch before flying away to safety high atop the Andes mountains.

George fell asleep. When he awoke the next day, he asked Clarence:

"Clarence. What is wrong with these people? I only wanted to make friends with the Incas. Is there anybody civilized on this God forsaken world?"

"Sit down my friend, and let me tell you about the Incas, Mayans, and Aztecs."

George sat down upon a stone and gave Clarence his full attention.

"Incan and Mayan legends both clearly tell about a race of white skinned, blonde and red haired, blue eyed 'giants' who taught the local people how to settle, farm and build. Just like the Indo-Aryans spurred the development of Far East civilizations, so too did these Whites bring civilization to Central and South America."

"But Clarence. That does sound possible. But how much faith can you put in local legends?" George asked.

*"The local oral histories are just one piece of the puzzle George. There's much more. We also have the written accounts of the Spanish explorers, describing in great detail a remnant of gentle, blue-eyed, red and blonded haired White people, whose women were highly coveted by the Incan elite. The Incans had been unable to kill them off completely, but these Whites did eventually blend out. They were known as **"The Cloud People"** because their settlements were built high up in these Andes mountains. Clearly, they must have retreated to the mountains because they lived in fear of the very Incan civilizations which they had spawned many centuries earlier."*

"When the Spanish Conquistadors arrived in the 16th century, The "Cloud Warriors", as well as many of the colored natives, eagerly joined forces with the Spaniards. Native tribespeople saw the Spaniards as the returning "White Gods", come to liberate them from brutal Incan and Mayan oppressors, who would often practice human sacrifices on the oppressed natives."



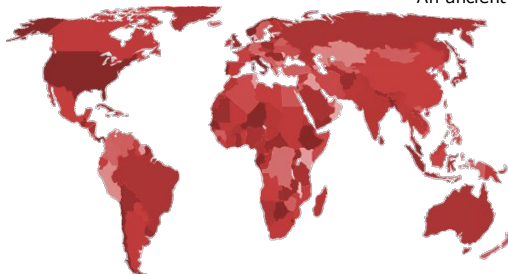
A blue-eyed Incan mummy mask



The "Trulli" settlements in Southern Italy



An ancient "Cloud People" settlement in Peru.



Northwest Africa to South America: closer than people realize.

"Wow. Just wow!" said George. "You know what Clarence?"

"What's that George?"

"I bet an offshoot of the Egyptians, or maybe a lost White civilization pre-dating the Egyptians, brought civilization to this part of the world! The Incans, Mayans, and Aztecs copied the White template, then blended out or killed out the original

Whites." George theorized. *"Just like the Huns and that mass murderer Genghis Khan did to the Aryans of the Far East!"*

Clarence was impressed with his student's progress.

"Why George! That's the first independent critical thought that I've heard come out of your mouth! In fact, the Incan religion does teach that their 'God' killed off the evil White giants. Very good George! Now, tell me how you came to your conclusions George."

"Well, think about it Clarence. The Egyptians built pyramids.... and the American civilizations built pyramids!"

"Continue" Clarence said.

"The Egyptians mummified their dead rulers and placed them in pyramids with their possessions.and the Incans and Aztecs mummified their dead rulers and placed them in pyramids with their possessions."

"Excellent! What else?" asked Clarence.

"The Egyptians sailed in reed boats.....and the Incas sailed in reed boats."

"You have cracked the code my son! What else?"

George continued: *"The Egyptians used bows and arrows.....and the pre-Spanish civilizations used bows and arrows."*

"Keep going! You're on a roll George!"

"The Egyptians wrote by using heiroglyphic images.....and the pre-Spanish civilizations wrote by using heiroglyphic images....and,..... and it's not that far of a boat ride from northwest Africa to the easternmost part of South America. It's the shortest, and the calmest, part of the Atlantic Ocean. A good size reed vessel could do it!" said George with great excitement.

He went on: *"Pyramids, mummies, reed boats, heiroglyphics, bows and arrows, even similarities in their social structures and religions. You mark my words Clarence, one of these days some blonde and red haired White mummies will be discovered in Peru! Wait and see!"*

Clarence handed his laptop to George and said: *"Uh, George. They already have. Google: [White Peruvian mummies](#) will you please."*

"No way! Don't tell me.....OH - MY - GOD!!!I was right! Ancient White mummies in Peru!"

George dropped the laptop, put his face in his hands, and dropped to his knees. Emotion and exhaustion had overcome him.

Inca / Maya / Aztec and Egypt: So many similarities.



White Peruvian mummies match those in Egypt and China.



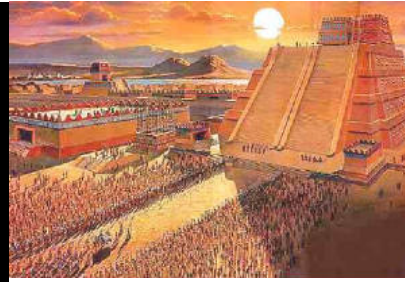
Egyptian reed boat.



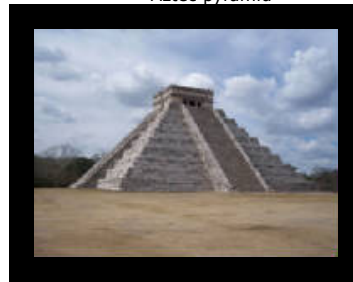
Incan reed boat.



Egyptian pyramid



Aztec pyramid



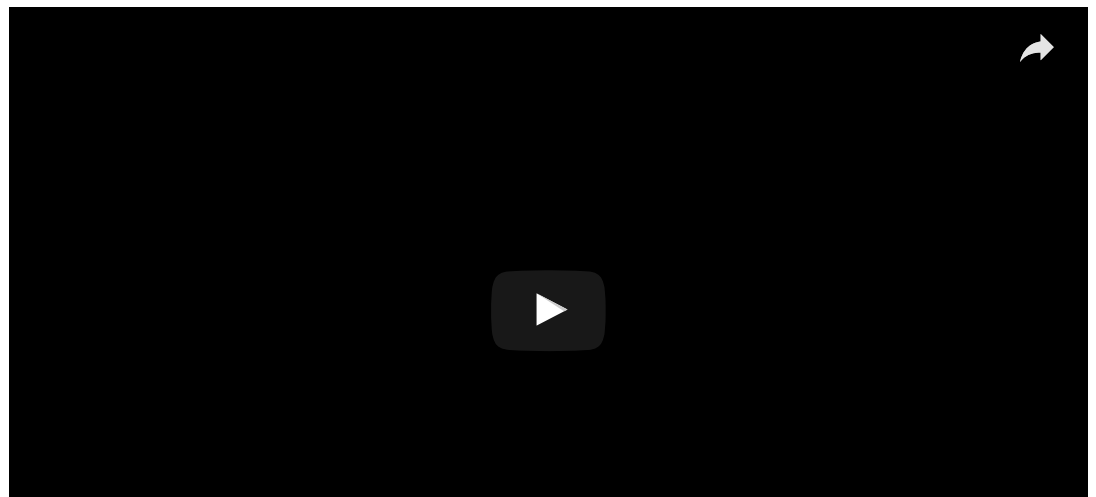
Mayan pyramid

"My brain is overloading Clarence. Pyramids and White mummies in China.....pyramids and White mummies in South America.....pyramids and White mummies in Egypt. UN-BE-LIEVEABLE!!!"

"But that's not all George! There was a 9,000 year old mummy found in Nevada, wrapped in cloth that was very intricately woven. No one had previously known that it was possible to weave like that at that time."

"Mummies in North America too?!! You're killing me Clarence!"

"It's true George. Have a look at this news report from a local Nevada TV station."





The evidence is clear! White Solutreans of North America were genocided by new arrivals from Asia.

"I can't believe this Clarence! I mean...I do believe it...but I can't believe it!!!"

"But wait! There's more George. I didn't tell you about the pyramids of southeastern Europe. [There are pyramids in Bosnia](#) that are as much as 30% taller than the largest one in Egypt. Oh, and did I mention the [Ziggurat pyramids of Iran and Iraq?](#) And then there were the [Solutreans](#), the original ancient White settlers of North America who also disappeared, murdered off by the ancestors of today's 'Native Americans'.....and the [Ainu](#), an ancient Caucasian people whose legends claim that their ancestors arrived in Japan long before the Mongoloid peoples displaced them. The [historically persecuted Ainu people](#) still have a slightly mixed- race remnant living on a Japanese island....

And then there are the [bright blonde and red headed black natives of the Solomon islands](#), yet another reminder of a lost people whose genetic remnants serve as a living testament to their ancient existence."



Ancient White mariners evidently dropped some "seeds" among the Negro population of the Solomon islands. Long before modern British explorers discovered the island, the frequency of straight haired blonde or redhead natives has varied between 5 - 10 %. Of course, as with the red and blonde haired mummies, modern "scientists" attribute this to some "anomaly".

George was speechless.

Clarence continued: "It's always been the same old story George. Whites build a civilization. Then they come into contact with another race. The other race benefits from contact with the Whites. Over the course of a few centuries, the races blend into a new hybrid race. The Whites then diminish in number and influence as the civilization stagnates. **In some cases, such as the Huns, Incans, Amerindians, and Mongols, malevolent envy will drive the colored and/or hybrid race to actually turn on the remaining original Whites, physically murdering off the White males, and then 'stealing their genes' by rape-mating with the White women.** Finally, to add insult to injury, the hybrid and colored races then claim credit for the historical achievements of

the very people that they either blended out or genocided! And woe to any honest researcher who attempts to point out these inconvenient truths...for he will be branded as a 'racist.' "

George began to feel sick in both his body and his mind. He could now see where his current world was heading and it upset him deeply. George became violently ill. He bent over and began vomiting.

"You've been given a great gift George.....a chance to see what the world would have been like without your people. You see George. Your father was right. You really had a wonderful race. Don't you see what a foolish mistake it is to be ashamed and guilty about your own people, and to let them just die out? This cold and brutal place is what the world would be like without the creative spark of Edison and Ford and Pasteur and Marconi. No great scientists, or mathematicians, or inventors or fine artists. No Archimedes, no Aristotle, no Socrates, no Alexander, no Renaissance, no Newton, no Kepler, no Goddard, no Mendel, no Tesla, no Faraday, no Guttenberg, no Shakespeare, no Dickens, no Twain, no Mozart, no Beethoven, no Da Vinci, no Michelangelo, no Galileo, no Copernicus. No Venice, no Paris, no Lisbon, no Madrid, no Zurich, no Berlin, no St. Petersburg, no Budapest, no Rome, no Milan, no Vienna, no London, no New York, no Rio, no Sydney. No orchestras, no museums, no universities, no hospitals, no libraries, no theaters, no radio, no books, no television, no electricity, no refrigeration, no heating, no plumbing, no houses, no steel, no stadiums, no vaccines, no cars, no planes, no trains, no ships, no dentists, no surgeons, no computers, no telephones, and most important - there's no creative genius to be found that could create and sustain such a high level of civilization. There's nothing for the people of this world to build upon. It's just a daily struggle for subsistence. A brutal planet where the few people who aren't mired in eternal ignorance and darkness have reached their peak of civilization and are advancing no further."

Clarence went on to lecture the broken and depressed young man for seven days straight. He covered everything. History, science, economics, philosophy, art, literature, fine music, architecture, medicine, politics, agriculture, religion, and all the creations and contributions that the Caucasian peoples had made in every conceivable field of human endeavor. George listened closely to every word. He felt like a man who had been reborn.

"Clarence. You have enriched me more than all the gold in the world could. If any angel deserved his wings, it's you my dear friend. But there is one thing that I still don't understand Clarence."

"And what's that George?"

GLOBAL HUMILIATION OF WHITES!



"Who is



World Cup of Football: All White Italian and Ukrainian teams are made to hold "anti-racism" banner.

behind the anti-Whitism of the modern world? **Who is covering up the undeniable facts you have shown me?** And why? To what end? The media is always harping about racism. Racism this! Racism that! Hollywood and our schools are just as obsessed. People like Professor Silverstein are only fixated on white racism. If a black commits a violent crime against a white, you hardly hear about it. But when a White says something even mildly inappropriate, it's front page news! **From the time I was a child, I recall anti-racism hysteria constantly being thrown in my face.** Why Clarence? Why do Whites like Silverstein constantly rub our noses in it? And what's with all the **'dumb blonde' jokes?** "

"George. Of what ethnic nationality is Silverstein?" Clarence responded.

"Well. He's Jewish. And he's constantly reminding us about how his dad, his grandparents, two of his uncles, and three of his aunts were all 'Holocaust survivors'. I think even his dad's dog was a Holocaust survivor' ." George chuckled.

"You see George, most people of all races are decent folks who go to work and mind their own business. But every race, including Caucasians, has its intolerant members. Ethnic bigotry can infect people of any race. Just like there are White bigots, there are also Black bigots, Chinese bigots, and yes, even Jewish bigots, mostly descendants of the Turkic Khazars. Black racists refer to Whites as 'crackers'. Hispanic racists refer to Whites as 'gringos'. Jewish racists refer to Whites as 'goy' and to White women as 'shiksas'. That's where the slang terms "guy" and "chick" come from. And even some of the peaceful Asians are getting in on the anti-Whitism. Chinese-American author Amy Chua, the so-called 'Tiger Mom' had an article published in the Wall Street Journal which carried the insulting headline: **"Why Chinese Mothers are Superior."**



Smug author Amy Chua with her two daughters. "Chinese mothers are superior" to Whites moms.

The Jewish Supremacist will claim to be "White", so that he may subvert Whites from within. Just like Professor Silverstein, Jewish Supremacist Tim Wise of Tulane, author of 'White Like Me', **has called for the end of the White race.**

Noel Ignatiev, a Harvard Jewish Supremacist and author of "Race Traitor", has also **openly called for abolishing the White race.** These Marxist Jewish supremacists figure

that if they can put the Aryan Whites out of business, then their mostly Turkic Caucasian ethnic sub-group will reign supreme over the **World Government that is to come.** Already, Jewish supremacists like Silverstein have gained control over so much of America's news media, Hollywood, academia, and the major banking institutions. Just Google **"Jewish media"** and **"Jewish Hollywood"** or **"Jewish bankers"** ."

George understood immediately: "Oh my God! You're right Clarence. Of course.

Clarence smiled proudly and clapped his hands in applause: *"Bravo George! Bravo! Encore! Encore!"*

"Bravo! Bravo! George! The student has surpassed the teacher!"

ARNOLD'S WILD ROAD TRIP

APRIL 26, 8:30 (ET/PT) ON

Newsweek

SPINNING GLASS

THE BEACHED WHITE MALE
Heated in Big Job, a Big Office, a Big Bonus. Now He's All Washed Up and Doesn't Have a Freakin' Prayer.

PLUS:
THE KILLER
STEALING
LOAS ISLAND
OBAMA
FINALLY GROWS
A SPIKE
THE SMOKING
RAGE
OF ITALIAN
WOMEN

Illustration by
BARRY D. SCHWARTZ
Illustration by
Chapman

RACE TRAITOR
SUMMER 1993 S...

1993
D.W. Smith

**TREASON TO WHITENESS
IS LOYALTY TO HUMANITY**



Newsweek

SEPTEMBER 14, 2009

IS YOUR BABY RACIST?

EXPLORING THE ROOTS OF DISCRIMINATION FROM NUTRACEUTICALS
BY JO HERNIMAN & JACQUELYNE HERNIMAN

PLUS:
A DIPLOMAT'S
POST-9/11 DIARY
THE GEOPOLITICS
OF GOLF
'FRANKENSTEIN'
REVISITED



White Like Me

Reflections on Race from a Privileged Son

revised and updated

Tim Wise

"Wise's 'white like me' is a powerful, eye-opening book." — *The New York Times*

"Clarence."

"Yes George."

"Take me back to back to my world. I want to go home now."

"I'm sorry George. I'm not authorized to do that. Only my boss can make that call." Clarence replied. *"Speaking of home, I'd best be getting back myself,*

before my wife begins to think I have a girlfriend."

Clarence the Angel then floated off of the Andes Mountains towards heaven. *"I hope you have found all this to be educational, and I hope you have learned an important lesson. Enjoy your world George!..And do give my regards to Dr. Kinga."* mocked the departing angel.

"Clarence wait! Don't leave me here! Clarence!!!"

George began to sob like a baby. It was the year 2012 and he was alone and hungry in a backwards world where Whites had never existed. He cried out to the heavens: *"Please God. I see what a fool I've been. I understand now what my father was trying to tell me. I want to go back to the world that I came from. A world where Whites not only existed, but blessed and uplifted all of humanity with their astounding creativity and noble altruism. I want to live in a civilized world again. Please God!...take me back!...take me back!...Oh God....please."*

George then heard the sound of footsteps marching towards him. Through the morning mist he could barely glimpse at the approaching mob. The local tribesmen were coming to kill him. But for the first time in his life, young George was fearless. His recent experiences had hardened him and he was determined to stand his ground.

George picked up a stone the size of a grapefruit, and cocked his arm in preparation of the coming final conflict. With the heart of a lion, and the balls of an elephant, George addressed the approaching gang of 150:

"Come on you sons of bitches! I may be the last White boy on this planet but I tell you what...yall gonna remember George Bailey, son of the great Peter Bailey! I may die here on this mountain, but as God is my witness, I'll take a handful of you racist bastards with me. Yeah, that's right! You picked the wrong White boy to mess with today! Come on! You wanna play rough? ...OK...we play rough! Come on bitch!"

As George was about to launch his stone, he mocked the approaching group: *"Say hello to my little friend!"*

In that moment, a woman's voice rang out: *"George - Walter - Bailey! Is that anyway to speak to your mother?! You put that stone down this instant!"* shrieked the woman leading the crowd.

"Mom???"

When he was just 10 years old, George's mother had been killed in car accident by a drunken illegal immigrant who ran a stop sign. Yet here she stood again, as young and beautiful as George had remembered from his childhood. He dropped his weapon and rushed to her. The two embraced tightly.

"Oh mom. Dad and I miss you so much. You'll never believe what I've been through. I've been such a fool."

"I know George. You don't have to explain honey.... George, do you remember this woman?"

Mrs. Bailey then pulled away and motioned her hand to her own mother.

"Grandma!!!" cried out George as he rushed to embrace her.

Grandma Jackie as she was known had herself passed away just 2 years earlier.

"Oh Grandma. I miss you and Grandpop so much. You were the best cook

ever!"

"And you were always my favorite grandson Georgie Porgie. I have someone who I'd like you to meet. George, meet the woman who taught me how to cook!"

George took one look at this other woman, and immediately recognized her from an old family photo album. It was his Great Grandmother Corrie, originally from The Netherlands. She had passed away in 1962, well before George was even born. She embraced George and kissed him all over as if he were her own baby.

"Oh Great Grandma! It's so wonderful to meet you!" George said as he fought back tears.

George had never before heard Dutch. Yet, he was able to understand everything the Dutch woman said. As they concluded their loving embrace, George's Great Grandmother passed him off to her own mother, for another round of hugs, kisses, and tears.

When George's Great Great Grandmother was done smothering George, she handed him off to her own mother. And on and on the love-chain went, through so many centuries of time. Some of the women had blonde hair. Some had red hair. Some were brunettes. They had blue eyes, green eyes, brown eyes. So much variety, but they were all so beautiful, and all looked so strikingly familiar!

As George went down the line, he noticed how the dialects and the languages of the women changed, the costumes of the women changed, the religious symbols changed, but the pure love and affection that they had for George never diminished. His 150th Grandmother from 2000 BC will hold and kiss him as warmly as his own mother had! Likewise, George's own feelings for these women did not diminish as he went down the long line.

George realized that he was now part of something big, something far more meaningful than the superficial ties of political ideology, the temporal ties of nationalism, or even religion. ***It was his blood that bound him to these women***, and to all of their own husbands, sisters, bothers, and countless millions of other cousins not present. The mere equivalent of one bus load of women, is all that it took to link George to 4000 years of his people's history.



George discovers that he is a descendant of "The Beauty of Loulan"

When George reached the end of his maternal line, he looked upon the familiar face of a beautiful young woman with hair of red silk. He immediately recognized her as the living version of "The Beauty of Loulan" - the "Chinese" mummy that Clarence had shown him! Somehow, her surviving descendants must have migrated away from ancient China, perhaps fleeing westward from

Mongoloid oppressors, and eventually reaching a safe haven in tiny Europe as the centuries passed?

"Oh Greatest Grandmom. You were the most beautiful mummy the world has ever known. But I think I like you better this way!"

The woman understood, and laughed as she and George embraced.

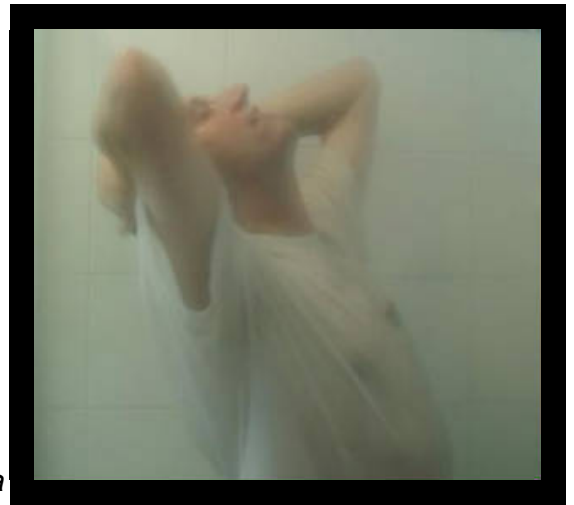
The ancient red haired beauty then picked up the stone that George had originally found. With a look of utter contempt in her eyes, she spit upon the stone. As she handed it back to her young champion, "The Beauty of

Loulan" looked into George's eyes and spoke forcefully: *"Honor thy mothers! Protect our family!"*

George looked back into her piercing green eyes and replied: *"I will."*

With that, George's string of 150 White foremothers walked off into the mist of the Andes, into the mist of history.

Suddenly, the mist grew thicker. The sky opened up and a torrential downpour of warm rain came down upon George. He closed his eyes and basked in the warm water and mist. When he opened his eyes, he could see a soap dish in front of him, and a shower nozzle above his head. He realized that he was back in the bathroom of his college dormitory. Drunk with joy, George began showering with his clothes still on!



George now appreciated the comforts of the world.

"Warm water! And soap! Plumbing is a beautiful thing! Life is beautiful!" he screamed.

George's floormates looked at him as if he was crazy. *"George! Have you gone crazy?"* asked a bewildered schoolmate.

"No my friend. I haven't taken leave of my senses. I've come to them!" George replied.

George then began to sing classic European folk songs in the shower. Miraculously, he was able to sing in many different languages. He sang 'O Sole Mio' in Italian, 'Amazing Grace' in English, "Guantanamera" in Spanish, and 'Gloire Immortelle' in French. Tears of sheer joy began to stream down his cheeks. The degenerate music of Hip-Hop and Rap lost all of its appeal to young George.

After his hour long shower, George drove to a nearby restaurant and ordered two whole entrees. One was Lasagna and the other was a delicious Veal Marsala. With his Italian food he had a Greek salad with Spanish olives, drank two glasses of French wine, followed by a German pastry for dessert. He finished his meal off with a hot cup of English tea and a Cuban cigar.

George said out loud: *"Oh those European peoples and their delicious cuisine. Clarence was right after all. What a wonderful race!"*

George was happy to be back to his world, but at the same time he realized there was much work to be done. [He thought of all those poor whites in Rhodesia and South Africa who were being murdered and raped](#) ever since they gave up political control of those once great nations that they had built. He thought of the many thousands of qualified Whites [who were passed up for good jobs and college entrance because of racial quotas](#) that *deliberately* discriminate against Whites.

He thought about the rapidly declining birthrates among all the European nations of the world. He remembered that Europeans everywhere were dwindling in numbers every year even as their own nations were being flooded

with third world immigration.



LA Riots (1992): After being pulled from his truck, Reginald Denny's skull is smashed by rioters.

He remembered his father once talking about how Jesse Jackson led a cheer at Stanford University: *"Hey Hey Ho Ho, Western Civ. has got to go!"* His European blood began to boil in righteous indignation when he recalled that Jackson once said that he enjoyed spitting in White people's food when he was a young hotel worker.

He recalled how Barack Obama, without any evidence, rushed to condemn an innocent White police officer as a racist.

He also remembered how Obama and his racist Black Attorney General Eric Holder, refused to prosecute members of the New Black Panther Party for openly intimidating White voters with night sticks.



No respect! Obama puts his feet on the historic Resolute Desk in the White House Oval Office.

He recalled having read about the infamous O.J. Simpson verdict, and how millions of Blacks in America OPENLY cheered when that brutal double murderer was set free by an all black jury after stabbing two Whites to death. And the Los Angeles riots of 1992, where dozens of Whites were dragged out of their vehicles and killed like dogs in the streets by packs of White-hating monsters who went unpunished!

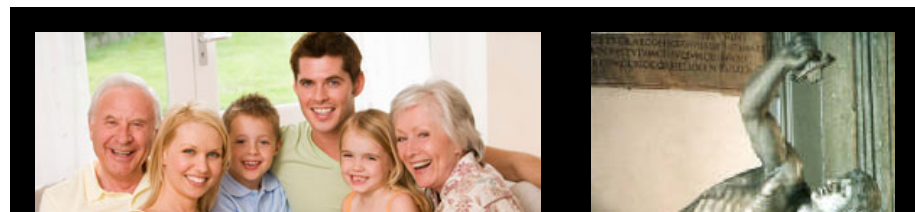
He



Obama's buddy Jesse Jackson: "Spitting in white people's food gave me a sense of gratification."

He thought about how the anti-Whitist Obama disrespectfully puts his feet on the historic "Resolute Desk" in the White House Oval Office...and how Michelle Obama wastes millions of taxpayer dollars on lavish personal vacations.

George now understood that that his people were, *again*, on a collision course with worldwide disaster and **genocide**. He remembered his 150 maternal Great Grand Mothers and was resolved that this great people must not perish from the face of the earth. They WILL survive!





They must not perish!



Classic European art.



A Norman Rockwell Painting: Boy returning home from summer camp.

George was eager to see his father. He longed to embrace him and apologize for all of the foolish and disrespectful things he had said to him. But first, he had a score to settle with a certain college professor. George put on his best suit and tie. He plugged his ear phones in and blasted Wagner's 'Ride of The Valkries' ".

George marched across the campus with a look of controlled rage in his eyes. He marched into Dr. Silverstein's auditorium with his head down, and quietly took a seat in the back row. The nasal voiced devil soon began lecturing on and on about racial and gender inequalities in European-centered civilizations. It was vintage Silverstein. George's impressionable White schoolmates, with their baggy pants, hip-hop clothes and backwards baseball caps, were swallowing Silverstein's poison pills hook, line and sinker. George allowed Silverstein to spew his cultural toxin for about 20 minutes. He then raised his hand so that he could give the Marxist professor a piece of his newly educated mind.



Silverstein has no idea what's coming!

"George Bailey? Is that you? I remember you from last semester. I wasn't aware that you were here today. I failed to recognize you in that shirt and tie, and without your earrings. You must have enjoyed my course so much that you signed up again eh? Class, I'd like for you to meet George. He was one of my brightest students last semester. He truly has a thorough grasp of the ideas presented in this course. George, would you be so kind as to tell my class about that brilliant term paper you wrote about European racism, imperialism, and the need for monetary reparations?"

And that's when young George let loose on the unsuspecting Professor!

"ENOUGH!!! You scheming devil! You mendacious fabricator of falsehoods! You pusillanimous purveyor of pinko propaganda! How dare you try to corrupt and manipulate our young minds when your filthy lies."

Some of the sleeping students were rocked awake and brought to attention by George's suddenly thundering voice.

"We Europeans have nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to apologize for, and everything to be proud of. And most of all, we don't owe anybody jack-didly-squat!!!! Not one thin dime! To the contrary, it is the rest of humanity that owes us a debt which can never be repaid, and a debt for which we have always been too noble to collect upon! We are the rightful heirs and protectors of a rich cultural heritage. You vile manipulator! We are the sons of the ancient Aryans, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Persians, the Romans, the Celts, the Vikings, the Normans, the Saxons. How DARE you inflict shame and guilt upon us? We Europeans didn't just contribute to civilization...WE ARE CIVILIZATION! And from this day forward, I declare that we will no longer tolerate you so-called 'intellectuals' trying to tear our people down. Never again will we walk on eggshells when we speak, always fearing that we might be called "racist." Your clever sophistry and verbal gymnastics will never fool us again Silverstein! We no longer care what people think. All that matters now is restoring the truth which you have perverted to your own demonic ends!"

"I know what you are up to! I know now why you corrupt my young peers by shoving lies and false heroes down their throats. Enough of your Marxist games of divide and conquer, you commie pinko subversive! We don't want to hear anymore about slavery, Martin Luther King, Barack Obama, Jesse Jackson, Al Sharpton, Black History Month, or 'The Holocaust'. Your false heroes would not have amounted to anything without the institutions of high civilization created by the European peoples. I'm going to set this class straight about who the truly great men of history are - the European, and pre-European statesmen, scientists, explorers, monarchs, navigators, conquerors, inventors, artists, writers, philosophers - the innovative giants of history that you and your ilk have erased from our collective memories. You speak of a world liberated from all White influence? Permit me to tell your students about such a world, Silverstein, because I can speak from personal experience, you wretched little conspiring communist monster!"

You speak of White oppression Silverstein? Really? Really? Let me tell you something, you miserable little piece of filth. **It is WHITES, more than any other peoples, who have had to endure hateful persecution and GENOCIDE.**

From Genghis Khan's Mongols murdering and raping many millions of Aryans.

To the Asiatic Huns tormenting our ancestors from the frontiers of Eurasia all the way to the doorstep of Northern

[India.](#)

To the Amerindians, [genociding the original White Solutrean settlers of North America.](#)

To the brutal Incas and Mayans crowding out and hunting to extinction [the original Whites of South America.](#)

To the Blacks of 1804 Haiti [murdering the White French down to the last man, woman, and child.](#)

To the Khazarian-[Jewish Bolsheviks](#) starving out and murdering millions of White Russians.

To the modern day Hun Joe Stalin [starving millions of White Ukrainians](#) to death.

To Moroccan troops [raping thousands of Italian women and slitting their husbands' throats](#) at Monte Cassino during World War II.

To the Asiatic and Bolshevik hordes of the Soviet Union [gang raping 2 million German women.](#)

To Robert Mugabe and Nelson Mandela presiding over the little known [anti-White reign of terror now taking place in Southern Africa.](#)

And yet, we still remain noble and decent enough to let the past stay in the past, and to not blame the descendants of our historical tormentors for the sins of their forefathers. You call us "White Supremacists"? You call us "a hate group." And yet it is we who continually extend our hands in friendship and tolerance to all races, sub groups, nationalities, and religions of the world. It is not 'hate' which animates us, but rather LOVE - love for our ancestors. We seek neither domination, nor confrontation, with any other race. [BUT.....but make no mistake..... the days of Whites being crapped upon, and gleefully accepting it, are OVER!](#) The self hatred and the White guilt are over! Hence forward, anti-Whitism will be deemed as intolerable and "politically incorrect" as any other form of racial or ethnic bigotry. You hear me Silverstein?"

Silverstein turned white as a ghost. He was shellshocked and rendered speechless for the first time in his career. Never in all of his years at the University had a student dared to so boldly challenge his falsehoods. Speaking from the heart as well as the mind, and with an eloquence he never thought he could muster, George broke out into a 60-minute monologue on history, science, philosophy, culture, and all the other attributes that constitute high civilization. The young students were captivated by George's brilliant oratory. Some were moved to tears.

"Now *THAT'S* what I call a [man!](#)" swooned one of the female students as George spoke.

By the end of his tirade, George's reawakened classmates were thundering their approval of his



speech. Even many of the non-Whites could not help but be impressed with the power, the logic, and the sincerity of George's words. They saw him not as an enemy, but as a great leader of his people, and a shining light for all of humanity, who was due his proper respect. Unlike the weasly worded weakling Whites of the University, the non-Whites found George's boldness and honesty to be a breath of fresh air. The *entire* class gave George a standing ovation. The White students thanked him for helping them rediscover and reclaim their lost identity. In just one unforgettable hour, the unstoppable power of raw truth had melted away years of Marxist guilt tripping, self hate, wimpishness and cultural brainwashing



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The stupid and weak boy became a wise and heroic champion.

But he wasn't done yet. For his closing act, George pulled out his unusually heavy bookbag.

"And finally Silverstein, there is one more bit of unfinished business that I have with you. You've been demanding reperation. Well, I have the first installment for you. It is a heartfelt re-payment from a great Lady that I recently had the pleasure of meeting."

George reached into the bag and picked up the stone which he had brought back from the Andes, the stone upon which his great ancestor had spat upon and given to him.

"I got your payback right here Silverstein!"

He cocked his mighty arm and let loose his hardened missile from the top of the auditorium.

"The 'Beauty of Loulan" says 'Hello!' " shouted George just as he launched.

Silverstein tried to block the speeding projectile with his frail arm. The force of the stone shattered his forearm, and deflected into his face. Silverstein's nose was smashed up into pieces, and shards of broken glass from his spectacles were embedded in and around his eyes. The pinko professor fell backwards, cutting the back of his head open against his desk.

The class then erupted in laughter as the inspired White students proceeded to storm out. As they pass the badly injured professor, the young men violently foot-stomp and spit upon their former Marxist mentor, throwing their hip-hop baseball caps and nose earrings at him as they stampede out the door.

"Dang! These White boys is off the hook!" laughed one of the awestruck Black students.



The students lifted George up upon their shoulders and carried him out of the



Anti-Whitism will no longer be tolerated!

auditorium like some conquering hero of antiquity. They proceeded to rampage and make mayhem throughout the campus, infecting others with the virus of truth while pulling Marxists out of their classrooms by their hair and beating them senseless in the streets!

George beheld the great spectacle and was pleased. With a glint in his eye and a lump in his throat, George glanced up towards heaven, winked, and said:

"Thank you, Clarence. Thank you."

Meanwhile, back at the auditorium, laying in a puddle of his own blood and urine, a badly injured Silverstein was left humiliated and shaken. He knew that these reawakened Europeans could no longer be brainwashed with "political correctness" and guilt. His great fear was that more of these White youths would soon reawaken and take their countries and civilizations back from the Marxists.

Silverstein was worried, but he remained confident that most young people would never learn the truth about their glorious past, their precarious present, and their ruinous future. Afterall, the media, Hollywood, the music industry, the colleges, and the schools are mostly controlled by "liberals" like Silverstein. With the power of political correctness in their hands, they can continue to tear down our European ancestors, destroy our institutions and traditions, instigate Blacks and other races against Whites, flood America with third-world immigration, and push degenerate "entertainment", homosexuality, and other garbage onto a weak, confused and morally degenerate youth.

After reflecting upon these facts, Silverstein smiled a devilish grin and muttered to himself: *"A few of these White sheep may wake up to what's being done to them, but the majority of these idiots never will."*

And he smiled again....and laughed with diabolical Marxist glee. Then he repeated to himself *"No...they won't see it until it's too late."*

But for the first time in his academic career, a voice of fearful doubt had crept into Silverstein's subconscious. He added:

"They'll never figure it out.....Or will they?"

THE BEGINNING

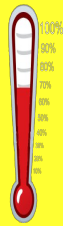


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"History is indeed little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind."

Edward Gibbon, English historian (1737-1794), From: *"The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"*

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